



WAVES

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Innocence of Youth

Once I climbed a mountain high to see what I could see.
There I saw a docile child staring up at me.
She was dressed in rags, covered with dirt,
 and there were no shoes upon her feet.
In her eyes there was a look, but not a look of defeat.
She viewed the world with admiration, something I found hard to do.
What bedazzled and amazed her? I haven't a clue.
She saw the splendor of the sky, the endless mountain streams,
 and flowing through her little head were a lifetime full of dreams.
She hadn't a care about the war that was going on,
 the hatred among people, or what will happen when we're gone.
She saw the splendor and beauty, but she did not see the truth.
I guess she did not need to, she had the innocence of youth.

-- Scarlett Poston

Winter

A touch of Spring in Midst of Winter
 a warm embrace of a long lost lover
To experience, to savor.

A caress of sunshine against cool cheeks
 a loving kiss, longing for weeks
To fulfill many needs.

A touch of Spring in Midst of Winter
 a brief moment, not lasting forever
To bid good bye to soon.

-- Missy Looper

Granny's Smoojew

"Hello, Sweet Pea," Granny greets some. "Hello, Love," Granny greets others. "Thank you, Darlin'." Granny's terms of endearment are the same ones that she's used for decades: Sweet Pea, Love, Darlin', Sugar Plum, Sugar Puddin', Sweetheart, Honey and Hun. The sincerity with which she says them, however, is as fresh as her cornbread baked to sell with the vegetable soup.

Five days a week Granny dishes up onion rings and grilled cheese sandwiches, tuna fish on rye and french fries to students, faculty, the maintenance crew and anyone else who needs a good meal. She's the biological grandmother of only five children, three girls and two boys, but she's the surrogate granny of any student who calls the grill home. Granny's the international grandmother. She plays the role for blacks and whites alike, Americans and orientals, commuters and residents, young and old. Every spring Granny graduates a group of Sweet Peas and Sugar Plums and every fall she has a new crop to replace them.

But Granny serves more than food. She teaches. She's taught me some old mountain ways. "Did you know that my family has a recipe for a cake called 'Rocky Mountain Cake' that's over a hundred years old?" Granny asked. "It doesn't use a single egg. We never gave it out. That recipe was NEVER given to ANYONE until about ten years ago when my sister-in-law gave it out." Poor sister-in-law, I thought. What a way to double cross Granny. I wouldn't even think of asking for the recipe.

I also learned how to dry green beans. "Yes. sree, them's old mountain ways. They would take green beans, string 'em with a needle and thread and hang 'em out to dry. Then when it was time to cook 'em, they'd soak the dried green beans overnight. Cook 'em just like dried pinto beans or Great Northern beans," Granny informed. Granny's people came from the mountains of North Carolina, and she has stayed true to their ways.

The students bring their love letters to Granny. She listens. The students bring their gripes to Granny. She listens. The students bring their dreams to Granny. She listens.

"How do you make your chicken and dumplings so good?" I asked Granny.

"Oh, I just put in a little Smoojew," she said.

"A little what?" I asked.

"A little Smoojew," she stated again.

"Can you spell that, Granny?" I asked.

"Oh, Child, I can't spell it. It's my secret ingredient. It's SMOOJEW," she said very slowly and deliberately.

Finally, I had found Granny's secret, I thought. It's Smoojew, that magic, that special ingredient.

The assistant manager of the cafeteria called Granny in one day for a conference. "Granny, are you bringing in food from home for the grill?" he asked. "These students are talking about something called Smoojew and asking if we have it up here. Granny, WHAT IS THIS SMOOJEW?"

Granny burst into laughter. "Well, shoot, no, I'm not bringing food from home!" Granny cackled. "You know me better than that."

"What is this Smoojew, then?"

"It's my secret," Granny responded.

The assistant manager doesn't know what this thing called Smoojew is. The personnel in the cafeteria are all business. They don't know that Granny sometimes adds a few extra french fries to the order of a student who looks depressed or allows a faculty member to charge the cost of his cup of coffee until tomorrow. They do know that students are eating in the grill more than in the past and that profits are up. That's enough to keep the managers off Granny's back about Smoojew.

But the students who frequent the grill know about Smoojew. It's Granny's secret, her love and affection added to every dish. It's that special something that makes Granny's recipes more than the sum of their parts. It's that special something that makes her ham and cheese sandwich more than just ham, cheese, bread, lettuce, and mayonnaise. It's that special something that makes her chili more than just hamburger meat, beans, tomato sauce, chili powder, salt, and pepper. It's Smoojew.

-- Sarah Sprague

The Forgotten Men

These men served their country.
When they returned, their country turned them away.

They left their homes and wives in order to insure its security.
In return, they received the guilt of losing the fight.

Instead of calling them soldiers of their country,
We call them veterans of a fight they lost.

The truth is they didn't lose a fight;
They fought in a lost war.

Today, they are not remembered for the blood shed;
They are fighting an even worse enemy, themselves.

They are not known as heroes;
They are simply labeled: The Forgotten Men.

-- Kenneth M. Pace, Jr.

The Rose

A rose is like human hearts,
and it's just as fragile when it parts.

The petals of a rose are gentle yet stern,
as those new at loving will soon learn.

Its thorns stand as protection,
so it can be adored without too much affection.

Its color is as beautiful as mountain sunrises,
without any doubts or surmises.

Its beauty can be shared by all,
like a songbird whistling its call.

The rose is beautiful, sly, and clever,
and whose love cannot be defeated; not now, not ever.

A rose can usually be found where there is love,
because it symbolizes true love and peace like a dove.

The sight of a rose with early morning dew,
is like the start of a love commencing anew.

Whenever you see a rose, anytime or anywhere,
don't pass it by; stop and stare.

An unwanted rose is like a lost forgotten treasure,
seeking someone true enough to provide it with love,
devotion, and pleasure.

Whatever color a rose has,
its meaning stays the same and won't pass, ever.

-- Parker Sanders

The Comparison

"Ah ! The third in the family
at last !

So, tell me --

Are you as smart as your older brothers?"

As I hear these words

I pull into my turtle shell

And my muffled "I have a name."
is not heard.

My teacher's thoughts are
as clear as icicles:

She is not quite as good as the middle child

Of course, the oldest was the best,

'till he became a little . . . slack,
shall we say?

But they were definitely better.

Smarter.

Look at her!

Zyghphllceous is spelled incorrectly]
on every paper!

Unfortunately, she cannot write like the
oldest of the three.

Even the second one had a redeeming quality

in his "off-the-wall" answers to questions

SHE just sits there!

Does she not know that $z=1/2ax^2+7y-3$
is an even function?!

All IDIOTS know that !!

Tisk. Tisk.

Too bad.

And so instead of being lost in a

close-minded, stereotyped society,

I become lost inside my own family.

-- Amy Abrams

Mother

Mother was always a bit strange. I thought all mothers were that way until I grew up. Now I know that it is true. All mothers are strange. It is a requirement for motherhood. However, my mother deserved to be locked in a small, padded cell somewhere nobody could get to her. She was a basic mother. She fed my father good food, rubbed his back when he was tired, and argued over bills and bar tabs. I loved her. Every child does love his mother, no matter how cruel. Mother would read me to sleep, kiss my scrapes and cuts after a fall, and scream at me when I got back up in the oak tree in the front yard. Oh, how I loved her. But I can never forgive her for teaching me about death.

It was an innocent enough event. We would often go to Aunt Caroline's on Sunday afternoon. After church, dinner was a high point in the week for my mother. She and Caroline, twins, would cook together and talk about everything with a little buzz from the kitchen. I remember that, but almost as if through being told about it so many times by mother. Now Sunday afternoon became a weekly funeral dirge.

I never met Uncle Oscar. He died at the mill two weeks before my first birthday. So Aunt Caroline had changed the entire house in self defense. We got most of her heavy, traditional furniture, and Aunt Caroline replaced it with a very happy, bright decor. I remember her bedroom especially. It was a bright, white sewing room with lace and frills. Not this day.

It had been some time since mother allowed me to come into Aunt Caroline's bedroom. Father and I would sit and watch football on the small black and white television in the living room. This particular day mother decided it was time for me to learn about life . . . and death.

Mother delicately took my hand as we got out of the old Pontiac. She did not let go at the front door as usual. We let ourselves in for a change, and mother led me straight to Aunt Caroline's bedroom. I had not actually seen her in several weeks. I was more than hesitant. Mother opened the door from where it had been cracked and I flinched. She squeezed my hand comfortingly. A strange odor permeated the room and my skin. The odor is inexplicable other than death. For the first time in my life I could feel death surrounding me. It was the same bedroom with sewing area that had always been there. This particular day, however, the bright white I remembered was gone. I felt myself staring at Aunt Caroline who was sitting up in bed with obvious effort. I had no idea what to do other than stare. I was more than self-conscious; I was stricken with fear and confusion. Aunt Caroline had been sick for some time. Lately, she explained, it had gotten worse. The two women kept talking to me explaining why Aunt Caroline was about to die. I do not remember any of that very well; I do remember the feeling of her room which permeated my soul.

Aunt Caroline was sitting up painfully and had been working on one of her many patch quilts in an attempt to look busy and happy. The large, white frame headboard and frame surrounded her to overpower her shriveling face and limbs. Next to her bed was the only light from inside the room. The lamp with dingy lace and tassels gave off a depressingly brown light from the top of a gray-white wicker night table. The mountain of pillows behind Aunt Caroline which supported her were all her creations. In my incomprehension I gazed all around as if in a stupor. I noticed the sewing desk under the windows. As usual the desk had her sewing machine along with half a dozen unfinished "projects."

Some of her finished projects were stacked on top of the dresser next to the desk. One quilt lay open over the corner toward the window as if for display. In the dirty light coming through the closed lace curtains, the quilt appeared sad and lonely like the Teddy Bear in the toy store window who never is sold but always hopes. Aunt

Caroline bought one of those bears and had him sitting in a patch quilt-covered club chair by the sewing machine. He had a look as if about to lose his best and only friend.

In my uncomfortable Sunday suit, I stood leaning against the death bed looking up at the small chandelier overhead. Grayish tassels hung from it and looked sad and torn. I was unable to see myself in the dust-covered wall mirror opposite the windows. It would have helped brighten the room if not for the film which had built up due to ill care and lack of cleaning. As I played with my shoes and ran my sock-covered toes along the rope rug, the cracks in the ceiling seemed to be magnified in the mirror. The cracks in the ceiling resembled the cracks in Aunt Caroline's face and they had a similar off-white tinge.

Mother and Aunt Caroline kept explaining about the cancer; the same cancer which would carry my mother to her death bed also. I was unable to concentrate on the conversation directed at me. The depressive weight around me prevented it. I was preoccupied with the small garden which used to be outside the windows over the sewing desk. I was preoccupied because I knew it was there but I could only see that dingy light through the closed lace curtains. I wanted to open them, throw open the windows, and jump into the spring mud underneath. Only the weight of an oppressive odor held me back from that freedom.

Mother never was truly together after that day. She wanted me to see Aunt Caroline one last time before the cancer had eaten her to death. She wanted me to understand death that I might someday conquer it. She told me that on the way home that Sunday afternoon. She loved me, and I did her. Now I hope my son understands what he just saw of his grandmother as we go home on this Sunday afternoon. I just hope he can forgive me.

-- Glenn A. Tatum

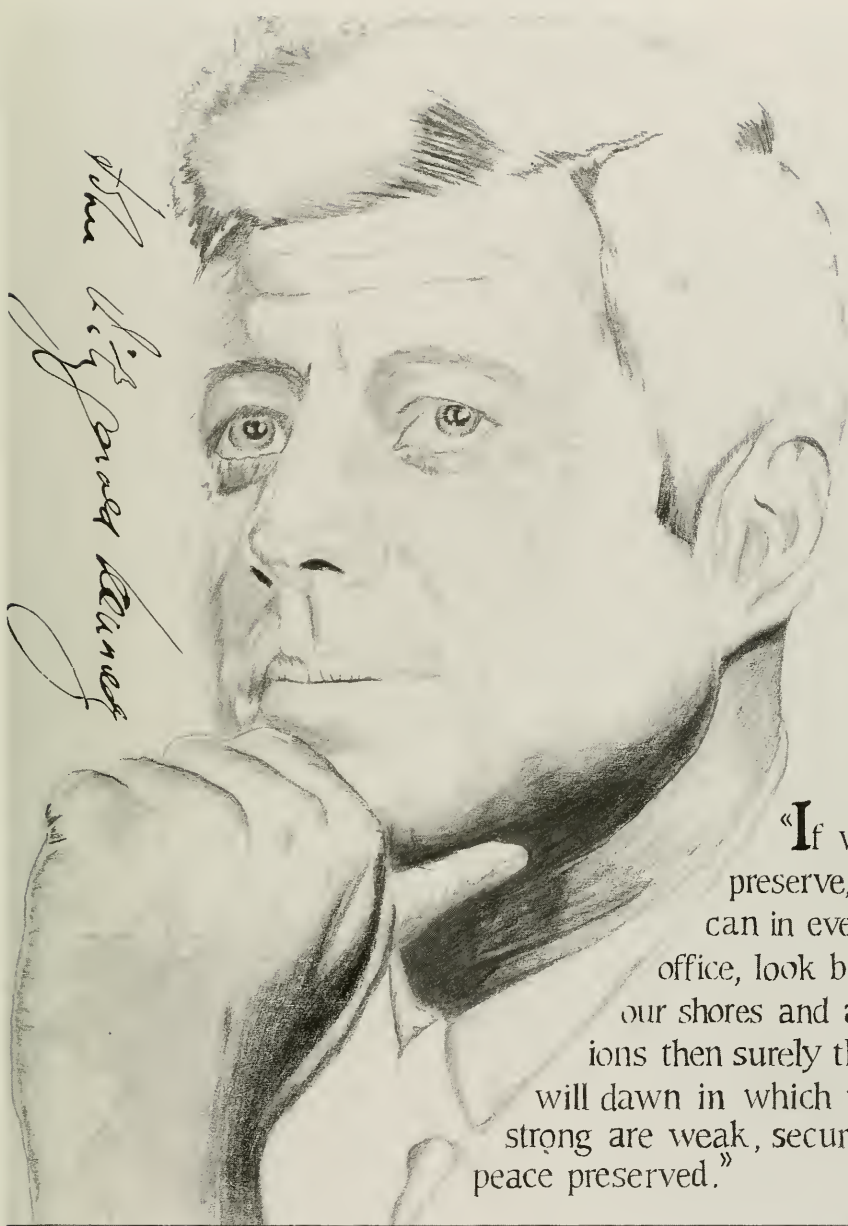
The Eyes With The Light

You are but a tear of Venus, the goddess of beauty.
One day she wished to give man beauty, for there was none on earth.
She cried, and the first tear fell, and was caught in her hand.
She let the tear slowly descend down her left-most finger.
Slowly, slowly, as if time itself had slowed down.
A creature was then formed in the shape of a woman.
Her beauty was in the reflection of Venus, but had no life.
So the woman was placed before the heavens, with Venus covering the
sun with her hand.
The creature was but lifeless, then Venus let a crack of light pierce
through her fingers.
The beam of light went into the eyes of the woman.
A brilliant light was given off in the meeting of the two beauties, of
which the heavens had never seen.
The woman was now alive, with all her beauty and charm.
She was then placed on earth, to bring a new light to the world, a light
of beauty in and from her eyes.
You are that creature, for I have seen it in your eyes.
For they give forth a radiant glow that warms the world, and makes
man forget his own sorrows.
But for those who cannot see the light, and feel the warmth of you
and your eyes, they are but blind fools never to see or understand
the world.

-- Clayton James Kirby

For the girl with the
eyes of light.

Tina A.



“If we can
preserve, if we
can in every
office, look beyond
our shores and ambit-
ions then surely the age
will dawn in which the
strong are weak, secure and
peace preserved.”

25 years, 1963-1988, JFK: Remembered

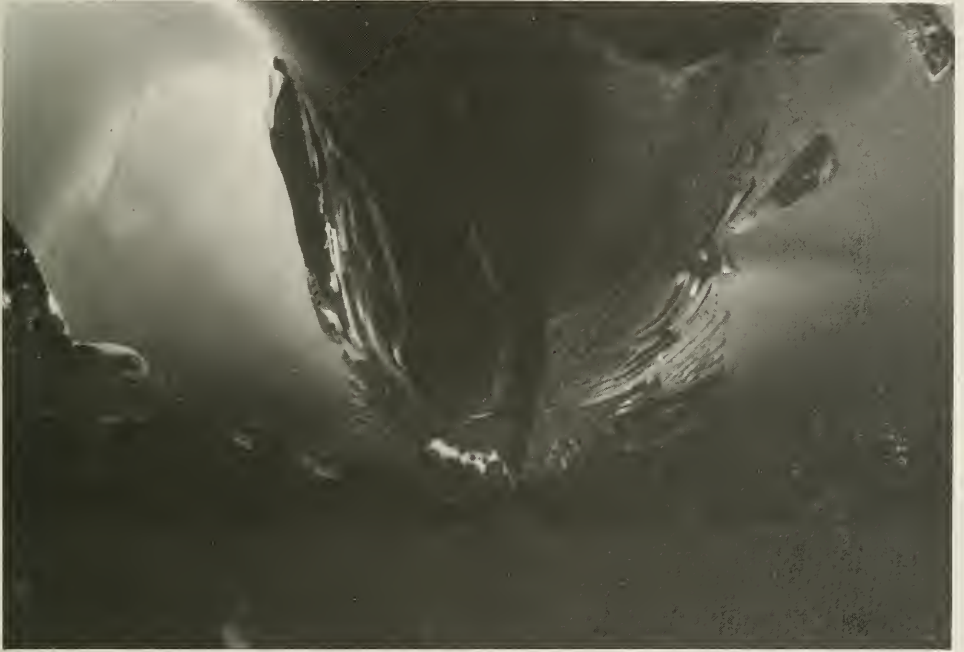
—Steven Hendricks



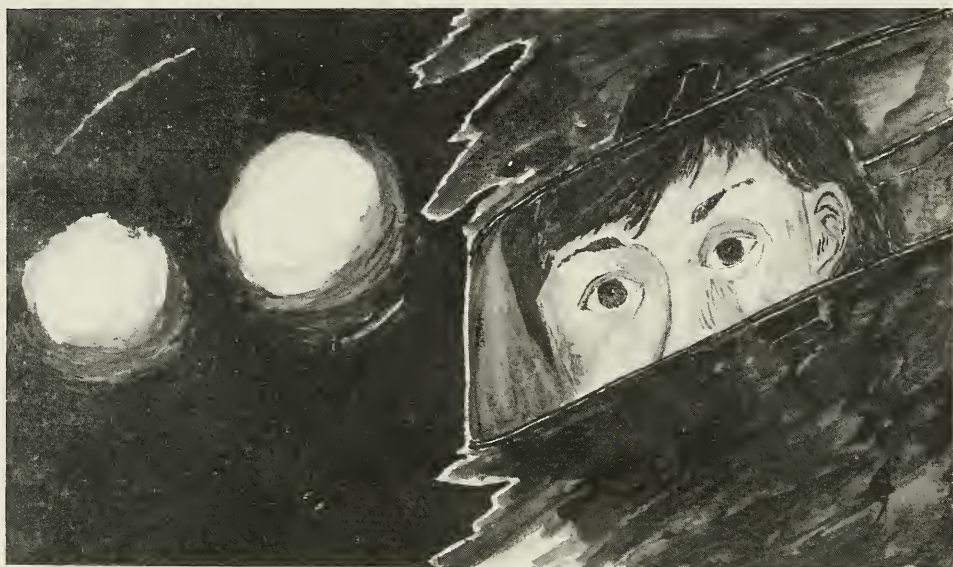
—Denise Sayer



—Christopher Gilmer



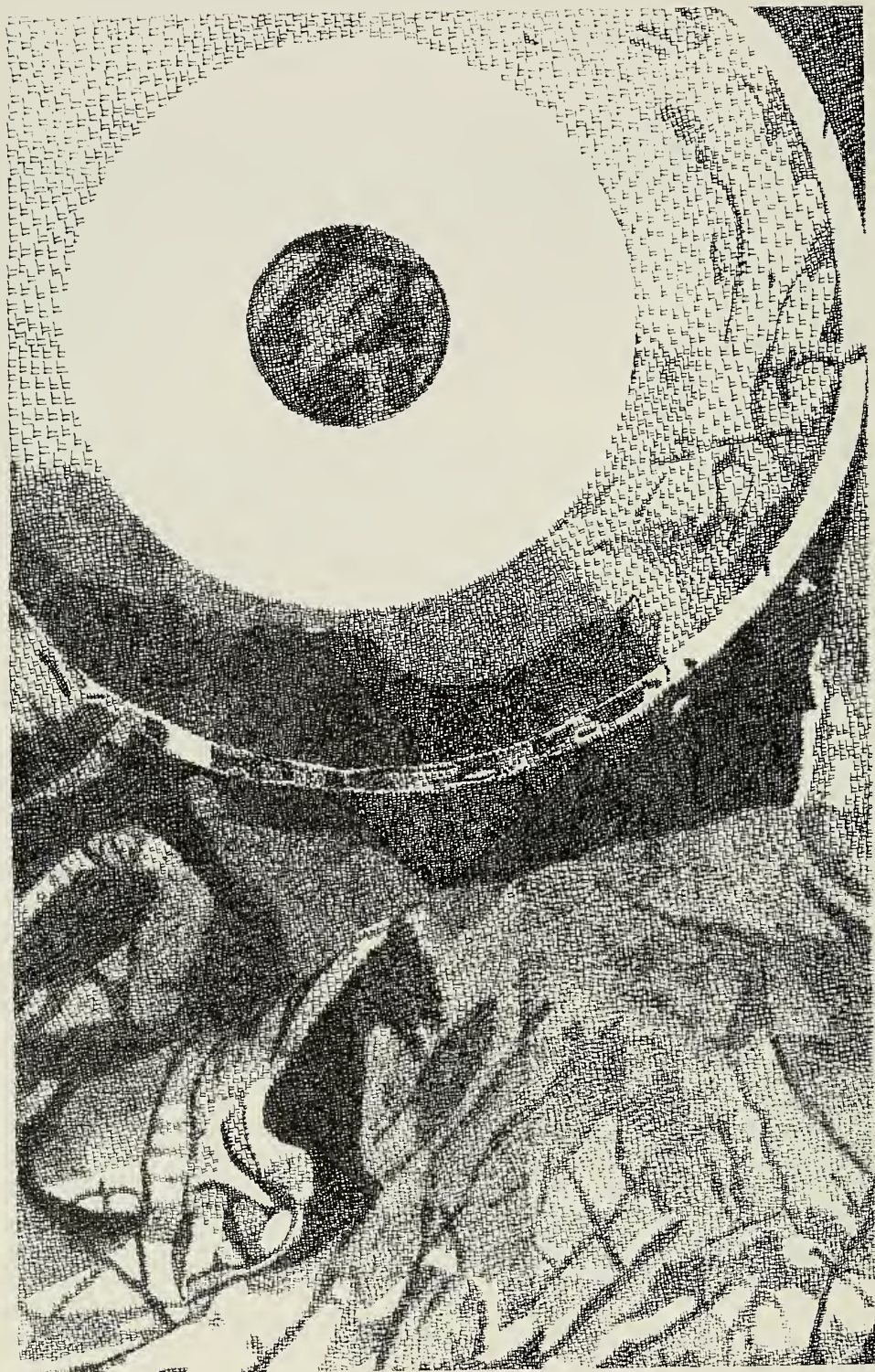
—Amanda Taylor



—Kirby Amick



—Christopher Gilmer



—Denise Sayer

The American Dream

1809-1865

In poverty born,
In log cabins reared,
Honest Abe.
Six feet four inches of
Raw-boned nobility,
Iron-willed dedication
"To the proposition that all men are created equal,"
To "That government of the people, by the people, for the people."
Ax swinger,
Log splitter,
Field plower,
Lawyer, legislator,
Congressman, President.
The American Dream.

1988

In roped-off rings,
In smoke-filled auditoriums,
The one, the only,
Dusty Rhodes.
Two hundred seventy pounds of
Bulging excesses in stretch knit shorts
Dedicated to
Slight-of-foot tricks or fabricated falls
Humbug holds and phony pins.
Actor,
Imposter,
Counterfeiter,
The American Dream.

-- Sarah Sprague

I once saw a Sunset
That Stirred my heart crying
For what I saw in that Sunset
Was the image of something Dying.
Yes, I saw in that Sunset
Something come to an End
Not only the passing Day
But the friendship of a Friend.
For that friend of mine was leaving
He was going far away
Just as the light went
With the ending Day.
I wondered why I say that
And what was meant to be
When that friend of mine was gone
And no one was left but me.
But I no longer wonder
Because now I know
I did not see an ending
Only the Sunset's Glow.
The lively glow of the Sunset
That was trying to tell me
There is always a new beginning
Why don't you look and see?
Look toward the new Horizons
The adventures life will bring
And join in with the Angels
As the Glories of God they Sing.
Deep in my heart I know
I shall see my friend again
Because the Sunrise told me--
Darkness does not win.
The Sunset and the Clouds
The Darkness over the Town
Makes me Quietly Sad
But does not make me frown
The Passing Days and Years
The Settling of our Fears
The inside Peace of Mind
Is what I long to Find
The friends that come and go.
The things we learn to know

The waving of the wand
Makes it form into a bond
The Secrets that we share
The love we learn to give
These things will all be there
No Matter where I Live

-- Jason Tucker

South Carolina in the Winter

The sun smiles in jest to
A sub freezing day, as
A dusting of snow barely
Hides the ground.

Ice encasements hold limbs
And power lines captive as
Trees stand patiently
Waiting for warm rain
That is soon to come.

-- Kelly Griffin

The Day I Killed Coleman

It was an average high school day, groups of students chatting in homeroom classes throughout the building, teachers socializing in their lounge and office, and the headmaster watching over the people as though he were a shepherd and everyone present were his flock.

One teacher, however, did not fit into this typical pattern at the school. He was Mr. Jeffery Coleman, sometimes referred to as Cool-man by students in his chemistry classes in order to make fun of his "nerdy" appearance and habits. He was a stern teacher; a man that had got to, and dropped out of, West Point. The details were never known as to how or why. He later attended Frances Marion College to get his B.S. degree in Science. One could call his change in learning institutions somewhat of a fall from supremacy to mediocrity, a thought that he constantly seemed to resent. This resentment seemed to come out in his teaching, for he would be strict and mean to his students. He wouldn't allow his students to have enough time to complete assignments or tests. In discussions of text materials he would teach at a pace far too rapid for the average student to follow. He seemed to do everything to try to hurt the student, and he was hated justly for it.

I, however, learned. I suppose I am far better than the average student. My name is John Cocktoasten, and I was what most people might call the strange one in the class. However, I don't think that I was as different from other students as Coleman was from other teachers. I seemed to be the only person that could follow Coleman and beat his methods. He hated me for it. I didn't like him much either, but I liked his subject and managed to stay interested in the class in spite of him.

On this particular day, Coleman was especially full of hatred. It was only our second class of the day, and he was unloading on us at full force. About halfway through the class lecture he questioned one of the slower students in the class about something that he had mentioned from the text five minutes earlier. She couldn't give him an answer. He began to ask her almost insanely why she could not speak. She finally screamed, "I don't know!"

"Why not? I just told you!" he yelled back.

"I couldn't keep up! You're going . . ."

"That is exactly what is wrong with you people," he said, "You can't keep your mind on what you're doing long enough to get anything done!"

His slander of me and my classmates made my pulse rate accelerate. I became furious and then did something foolish. I stood up and yelled, "It's you that doesn't know what you're doing! These are kids! We (I felt that I should include myself so I wouldn't sound like I was too much better than everyone else) can't go at the same rate that you do! We don't know the information yet! Can't you give us time to take it in!"

He gave me such a cold look that I got chills. Then his stare burned a hole in me as though fire were coming out of his eye sockets. The next thing I knew I was being thrown out of the room and sent to the office.

The headmaster told me that Coleman had recommended that I be suspended or perhaps expelled. He, however, didn't see the incident as that severe. He was quite understanding. He allowed me to state my case, gave me a fair warning, and let me off scot-free. I was indeed pleased with that, but I knew something must be done to stop Coleman's actions.

Later that day, between classes, Coleman was standing in the hall near the office talking to a fellow teacher about an IRA car bombing in Dublin, Ireland, that he had seen on the news. I listened while pretending to drink from a nearby water fountain. The car had been blown up due to a small amount of liquid "Draino" that had been put into a plastic capsule and dropped into that gas tank. He thought of it as truly ingenious and showed no concern for the loss of life resulting from this "chemical reaction."

Coleman's lack of sensitivity outraged me and I began to think horrible thoughts. Looking back on it, I became as bad as he was as far as being insensitive to human life. I wanted something terrible to happen to him just to turn things around. I wanted him to go through suffering as others did. I didn't stop to think that he may have a hard life as well. My body took over in rage, and I set off to do the deed.

I got in my car, totally forgetting my next class, and headed for my house in a trance. I only lived a few blocks away, and when I got there I went straight to my room. I grabbed a small plastic bottle of prescription antibiotics that I had been taking for an infection in my knee. I emptied the bottle, filled it up with "Draino" from the kitchen, put the top back on, and headed back to school.

When I got back I took the bottle to Coleman's familiar Volkswagen Rabbit and dropped the bottle into the gas tank. I returned to my usual daily schedule and somehow managed to keep my senses together through the rest of my classes. I went home after school and waited to hear the news.

When the horrible news finally came, I acted very shocked in front of my parents, which I indeed was because they reported that no foul play was suspected. School was canceled for the next four days to give everyone a chance to recover from the tragedy. The temptation was great, but, for my sake, I never brought myself to tell any of my classmates that I alone was responsible for their nice little vacation. I do hope that everyone enjoyed it.

-- Stuart Thomas

Teardrops

Teardrops fall from the sky
Silent weeping for what once was
And never again shall be
Countless lives lost in meaningless wars
Before those lives had scarce begun
Tiny children crying in lonely streets
Orphaned by Fate's cruel hand
Gunshots, razor sharp steel
Anarchy from land to land
Mother Earth why do you cry
In silent misery?
For Adam's line is old and blind
And there are none to see.

-- Jason Czepiga

The War Song

I took a walk in the garden yesterday.
I saw red roses, yellow lillies, and they looked okay.

I walked further on and to my dismay,
I found a soldier wounded as he lay.

"Young man, old man, which are you I say,
Why are you in my garden, I will plant today?"

"Help me, help me," the soldier cried aloud
and with all this confusion, I had to look around.

"I can't, I can't, I will not help thee,"
for when I was wounded, no one would help me!"
As I left the dear soldier in his place to die,
I confess there were tears, tears for me to cry.

I didn't leave him empty, but with a thought,
"No one listens, no one cares,
in this war you're just another person and no one sees you
dying there!"

My conscience will not dare enhance,
so take the opportunity, I'll give you the chance.

To get out, get out, I don't want you here,
this is my space you want it and that I fear !

I'm right? you're wrong?

You're right? I'm wrong?

It doesn't matter I don't want this war song.
I've seen it many times and many times I've wept.
Because I know war doesn't prove who's right,
simply who's left!

-- Tommy Harrell

Transition

Worse than death,
This wound is incomplete,
Repeating its kill.

Her things; my things--
No longer our things.

Gone, she stays.
Reminders are ubiquitous:
Every song, image, word, even smell.
Worse, there's seeing her--alone or with him.

Death is final, unavoidable;
Divorce chosen.
Death is kinder.

-- anonymous

An Autumn Breeze

Sweet and Flowing
As it may be,
An Autumn breeze
Rustling in the trees.

It brings back memories
Of love you felt before,
Wondering if that love you felt
Can hurt you anymore.

The Future will bring other love
As someday you will see;
The pain will fall from your heart
As the leaves fall from the tree.

-- Rose Plyler

The Heart

A heart is not a plaything, a heart is not a toy;
But if you want it broken, just give it to a boy.
They always like to play with things to see what makes them run,
And when it comes to kissing, they do it just for fun.
Boys never give their hearts away, they play us girls for fools.
And when we give our hearts away, then they play it cool.
Each time you go to meet him, your heart begins to dance;
Then you know the feeling of true romance.
Then it starts to happen, you worry day and night;
You see, my friend, you're losing him, nothing turns out right.
Love is fine but it hurts so much; the price you pay is high.
If I could choose between love and death, I think I'd rather die!
When they say, "Don't fall in love, you'll get hurt," it's true.
You see my friend for I was the one who fell in love with you.
My heart is yours forever I hope you understand.
I thought when I gave my heart away--I gave it to a man!

-- Christine Ponder

What Happens When . . .

What happens when . . .
the man of your dreams suddenly appears
and makes you realize, you need no more fears ?

What happens when . . .
you fall in love with that man ?
You pray to God, "Please don't let it end"
Then you realize your life is in his hands
and you ask God to continue with his well written plan

Then tell me What happens when . . .
that man of your dreams suddenly fades
just like the stars twinkling rays.
You then ask God, "Why was he not mine?"
And you realize God will supply his answer in his
own place and time.

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